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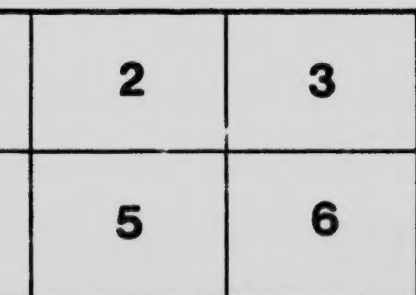
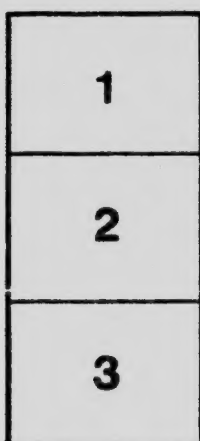
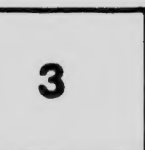
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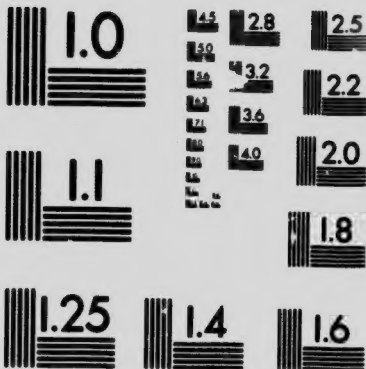
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# The Coming Race

UNITED CHURCH  
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BY

REV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.  
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Winnipeg, Manitoba

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# The Coming Race.

Text—Revelations xxi., 1: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea."

Mohammed once said that it would be a sign of the coming of the end of the world when the sun should rise in the west. But that strange thing has come to pass. The sun is rising in the west. A new sovereign race has appeared beyond the Atlantic. And its appearance seems to indicate the end of all things old and the beginning of all things new. The sun is indeed rising in the west.

In fact, a certain great historian has said: "Since prehistoric times nations have moved steadily westward, as if driven by the mighty hand of God." Westward the course of empire takes its way! Westward ho!

As Dr. Josiah Strong, in a noble volume has suggested: The sceptre of the world's empire has passed from Persia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Great Britain, from Great Britain to Greater Britain—and from Greater Britain the sceptre is passing to the throne room of our western democracy.

Here, upon the continent of North America, destiny hath determined that there shall arise a new sovereign race, stalwart in physical frame, big in mental mold, strong in moral convictions, broad in sympathies which shall be world-wide and universal, and clad in the rich garments of physical beauty, mental culture and spiritual power—a new race, a new type of manhood, a rare type of womanhood, a new civilization—a new world, a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The nations of the earth are on the stampede. Immigration is a world movement. Restless humanity has its face toward the west. The tide of human life has just begun to rise. There were forty-six nations represented in the army of Xerxes, but every nation known to the modern geographer is making its contribution toward our new world civilization. What a gathering of clans! What a mixture of racial blood! What a movement of man! What a federation of the world!

From the old world to the new world the sons of men are coming. They are sailing over every sea. Over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, over the cold waters of the Atlantic, over the warm waters of the Pacific, over the Indian ocean, over the Yellow sea, over the sea of Japan, over the South sea, over the north sea—They are coming! Coming to people a new world. Coming to produce a new race. Coming to enthrone a new civilization.

They are coming! From Russia with her diamonds and rags, from Germany with her soldiers and scholars, from France with her free and independent thought, from Egypt with her tombs and pyramids, from Greece with her isles and monuments, from Rome with her relics and ruins, from Italy with her marble and bronze, from England with her cathedrals and chapels, from China with her idols and altars, from Palestine with her memories and prophecies. They are coming, from all nations, from all lands, and from all climes. They are coming!

They are coming to us! Men born on the banks of the Euphrates, men who have labored on the shores of the Nile, men who have been cradled on the banks of the Rhine, men who have sailed over the classic Thames, men who have gazed upon the Arno, men who have floated over the golden surface of the Seine, men who have worshipped near the sacred waters of Ganges, men who have been baptized in the turbulent waters of the J--  
--They are coming!

What a blending of national traits! Our new civilization will be unive-  
in its human characteristics. The intensity of the Jew, the sincerity of the German, the vivacity of the French, the impetuosity of the negro, the vitality of the Scotch, the pugnacity of the Irish, the stability of the Asiatic. What a blending of human traits!

What tremendous possibilities in the production of character! All past characters and characteristics will, doubtless, reappear. Shakespeare, the man of mind; Bismarck, the man of will; Tolstoy, the man of prophecy; Victor Hugo, the man of imagination; John Bright, the man of conscience; Disraeli, the man of imperial ambition; Knox, the man of Christian patriotism; Garibaldi, the man of freedom; Washington, the man of character; Lincoln, the man of charity; Robert Burns, the man of sympathy--what tremendous possibilities in human character!

It will be a civilization toward the glory and triumph of which every nation whose name is on the map of the world, at the present time, will make a contribution. England will send her artisans; India, her dreamers; Japan, her students; Italy, her musicians; Germany, her thinkers; Ireland, her tollers; Scotland, her mechanics; Wales, her preachers, and Iceland, her plodders.

All shall be ours! The vastness of Rome. The glories of Athens. The splendors of Constantinople. The beauties of Florence. The democracy of London. The dignity of Edinburgh. The solidity of Berlin. The gaiety of Paris. The spiritual atmosphere of Geneva. All shall be ours!

Let us contemplate in detail, the elements, ingredients and qualities which

must enter in to produce a master race—a new sovereign civilization.

First. It will be, intellectually, the most brilliant race and civilization which the world has ever known. The mixing and blending of many bloods will produce a mighty brain. Where nations mix and races cross there you find a new evolution in thought product and brain power. The "cross" wherever you find it indicates an increase of power. The very fact that all races have been thrust into the melting pot of destiny would seem to indicate that God is preparing to present to the eyes of angels the divine master piece of history—a new sovereign race.

When I was in New York two years ago, an Italian carried my valise, a colored man polished my shoes, a Spaniard sold me a bunch of grapes, a Greek supplied me with a newspaper, a Jew collected my fare on the street car, a German cut my auburn locks, a Frenchman served my meals, a Swede drove my carriage, a Chinaman kept me clean, a little "Jap" brought ice water to my room, a Scotchman repaired my coat, an Irishman carried my "luggage" from the "lift" to my room, a Hindoo sold me a relic from India, a Russian ran the hotel elevator, a Dutchman asked me to show him the way to the Astor House; while an Englishman lectured me, privately, on the all-important subject of Socialism. It made me think of the words addressed by Paul the jailor at Philippi: "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here!"

Second. Our new North American civilization will dig a grave big enough to hold all the dead and worn out prejudices of the past. Roman Catholics will get through "toasting" the Pope before the King. Orangemen will wear the green. Baptists will not sit tight or stand pat on the question of close communion. Anglicans will get through talking about "the" church. Methodists will cease pulling wires for the best appointments in the conference. Presbyterians will forget all about their "name and place in history." Christian Scientists will not expect you to understand things which they, themselves, accept wholly and purely "on faith." Socialists will not ask you to "divide up" more than once a week. Workingmen will not hold the church responsible for conditions which are the result of legislative stupidity. And a man born black will not be condemned, socially, because he has failed to produce a lily white complexion.

Third.—Our new civilization will produce a race of magnificent physique and superb physical strength. Miss Biglow, the physical director of the University of Michigan has recently announced that they have in

that institution a girl who fulfils all the requirements of Michael Angelo—perfect in face and form. She is the only young woman in the history of that institution who has measured up to the classic model. We shall have more such. Scientific care of the body will tend to eliminate fads and faddists in strange and eccentric phases of thought.

Health is the foundation of a successful career. The preacher must prepare his body as well as his mind. When a friend warned Henry Ward Beecher to take care of his health, he replied: "I have more health than I know what to do with." We all have that if we only knew it. The springs of health are from within. If you would roll around on the carpet, like your child, you would have your child's circulation. Life is in the blood—keep the blood circulating. Oh for a race of men who would study the laws of the body.

Fourth—Our coming civilization will be one in which womanhood will be enthroned — for in that civilization will be found all the queenly qualities of the past. The tender touch of Florence Nightingale. The genius of George Eliot. The stateliness of Lady Somerset. The charity of Elizabeth Fry. The strength of Queen Elizabeth. The dignity of Queen Victoria. The eloquence of Frances E. Willard. The soul qualities of Julia Ward Howe. The devotion of Lady Huntingdon. The heroism of Joan of Arc. The statesmanship of Miss Jane Adams. The divine persistence of Helen Keller. And I am tempted to add: the many gifts and graces of our own Nellie McClung.

By the by, the Christian women of Illinois put one thousand saloons out of business the other day. And they did it not by the use of a sledge-hammer, but by silently dropping ten thousand snow-white ballots into a box which holds beneath its lid the destiny of a democratic people.

Fifth—The new sovereign race which will be established on the continent of North America will centre in the home. The coming race will stand for early marriage. The establishment of the home will follow in due order after school days and university honors. Early marriage will pivot responsibility. Responsibility will produce character. And high character will wear the crown of spirituality. The trouble with our present civilization is that young men contract the saloon habit before they have enthroned the home ideal and young women are compelled to make a living rather than preside over the destinies of a fireside. Our economic system is at war with morality.

The biggest problem in our civilization today is to organize and maintain a home. High rents, high prices

and hard money (hard to be had) all strike at the home. Woe be to the civilization where it is difficult to establish a home. John Bright puts it in a nutshell: "The nation lives in the cottage." Let us legislate not so much for organized labor as for organized love. Let the velvet grass of a kindly consideration grow green along the pathway which leads to the marriage altar. It is legislative foolishness to dam up the God given passions of human nature and then look for purity.

Sixth—It will be a civilization in which all necessary labor will be holy and every calling as sacred as the calling of the preacher ought to be. The man who asks for an offering is not engaged in a service more holy than the man who adorns the collection plate with a notable and greenish tint. The girl who stands behind the counter is as necessary to our present civilization as the lady who stands before the same counter. The man who builds a sewer is a worker as honorable as the city father who signs the contract. There was a time when the organist would have fared poorly without the organ blower. We should not "look down" upon a man because he goes down to do the thing that will not only lift us up, but hold us up. Comprehend?

I love my job. I like to preach. I like to tell people just what I think of them. I believe that "preaching" will survive the hour of death. When I approach the pearly gate, I shall inquire of Peter: "Any preaching to be done, inside?" And if he gives me an answer in the negative I shall go elsewhere. Think of developing a "gift" for forty years and then, suddenly, to be bereft of an opportunity of exercising it. All intellectual and spiritual acquirements will survive. Work is worship. Said Clara Schumann: "My music is my religion." Jenny Lind exclaimed, at the height of her fame: "I sing for God."

Seventh—Our North American civilization will possess enormous wealth, and this wealth will be divided and distributed according to skill and ability. The great problem of the future will not be the distribution of wealth but the proper use of money. The increase of wealth producing instruments will bring to us an avalanche of riches and possessions, so fabulous, as to be beyond all our dreaming. Within one hundred years every family will own its own street car—call it carriage, rig, automobile, bus, or what you will. All things tend toward wealth. As the African laborer's two cents a day compares miserably with the American laborer's four dollars a day, so will our present rate of compensation for toil and labor compare with the income of the future citizens and subjects in our coming new world civilization.



The new sovereign race will be rich in material things. For that reason we should prepare the way for a fair distribution. I am a Socialist. I want my share. Because I am a Socialist I am anxious that my neighbor should have his share. I believe in the fatherhood of God, the sonship of Jesus, the brotherhood of man and the essential democracy of all things. "Share and share alike" is our motto. One for all and all for one.

You say that you missed me at the prayer meeting on last Wednesday evening. You certainly did. I was attending another meeting. It was in the Winnipeg Labor temple. I was there because I was anxious to know just how a body of workingmen would receive and handle my friend, Charles Stelzle. I got there early and remained until the motion to adjourn was passed unanimously.

The meeting was a warm one. All the elements necessary for the precipitation of a fiery discussion were present. In that room were to be found Socialists (Christian and non-Christian), union men, single taxers, newspaper men, politicians and preachers. The preachers received a measure of attention and consideration all out of proportion to their importance. If the preachers could do a tithe of all the work and achievement demanded of them by Socialists, single taxers and workingmen they would be the miracle workers of history. It was interesting to hear your class talked about and to listen while the hornyhanded sons of toil described you as ignorant of the social problems of the hour—a time server—and a tool of the capitalist, the trust magnate and the boodle monger. Say, that was a meeting worth attending.

I said to myself, as I passed out of the meeting: "What are you, oh pastor of Central church, a freeman or a slave?" Do you preach to workingmen or millionaires? Who owns you? What are you? What name do you wear? Is your spinal column bone or string? Do you say what you believe or what you are paid to believe? Have you a mind of your own, or has your brain been syndicated? And my soul answered: "I am a free born free thinker." Winnipeg has not yet produced a millionaire who could safely "sit on" the rector who presides over the destinies of Central church. I do my own thinking, and speak my mind. I have no hesitation in telling a cruel, bloodless millionaire just what I think of him and no less hesitation in opposing a working man when I think he is wrong. It is a mental impossibility for me to agree with a man simply and only because he is a Socialist or because he belongs to a labor union.

As for the church, its main work is not institutional, but individual. The preacher's business is not to recon-

struct society, but to aim at the regeneration of the individual -- to enthrone a conscience in the soul of man so that as a subject of the empire or a citizen of the republic he will go forth prepared to smite a blow at every evil thing; and the fact that no civilization has achieved its highest work without the recognition of the place and office of the church would seem to justify and explain the tremendous grip which the church has always had on the affections of the race.

**Eighth.** — The crowning civilization of history will produce a social circle in which no man will be ashamed of his God-given ancestry. In that civilization a Jew will not be blamed for his physiognomy, a Chinaman for the shape of his eyes, or a black man for the color of his skin. "I can afford to be called a Jew," exclaimed Disraeli as he stood in "the mother of parliaments" and looked into the face of the man who had sneeringly referred to his birth and nationality. I should think so! Only an ignoramus would sneer at a Jew for being a Jew. Jewish blood is rich blood.

I like the words of Booker T. Washington. Listen: "If I had my life to live over again and had my own choice of nationality and race, I would ask to be a man of black skin, of African blood and of negro race." Any other request would be an insult to the intelligence of the Almighty."

**Ninth.**—The North American civilization will some day embrace five hundred million people who will speak one language. In the last analysis there is only one thing which divides men, and that is language. Seas can be crossed, rivers can be bridged, mountains can be tunnelled, and continents can be spanned, but language is a barrier in the realm of thought.

Once the Greek language was sovereign. Then Latin became the sovereign language of the world. Then the Spanish language was dominant. After that the French language became the vehicle of expression for kings and courts. Today the English language is premier in the realm of speech.

The language of our North American civilization will be English. It is already spoken by one hundred and twenty million people, eighty million of whom reside on the continent of North America. It is a universal language enriched by contribution from all other forms of speech, living or dead. It is the language of William Shakespeare and John Milton. It has no competitors in the realm of thought exchange. It has come to us in the natural order of events, a normal inheritance, in harmony with the history of our race and country. Its enthrone-ment means unity, solidarity and cohesion. And Canadian who seek to foster another tongue, as a permanent or

universal form of speech, are not wise in their choice of a vocabulary, or hide from view motives and designs which are not in harmony with national unity and fraternal brotherhood.

Tenth. Our new sovereign race will dominate and direct a civilization of lovely cities and beautiful homes. What splendid possibilities for architectural expression in the construction of a new world. The models of the world are ours. London and its Westminster Abbey, Paris and its triumphal arches, Berlin and its halls of learning, Moscow and its princely palaces, Scotland and its venerable castles, Ireland and its round towers, Egypt and its pyramids, Peking and its terraced altars, India and its Taj Mahal, China and its ancient walls, Jerusalem and its crowning heights and sloping valleys. Let us learn the lesson of the world's beauty.

I once stood in the great Congressional Library, in Washington. In that hour I said: "If I were not a preacher I would be an architect." What pillared strength! What blending of curves! What dignity of dome! What arching of space! What contrivance of court and corridor! What fascinating forms in mosaic and decoration! Duly commissioned architects had encircled the earth to find and reproduce arches, domes, stairways, mosaics, windows, fire places, corridors, pinnacles, pillars, doorways, steps, approaches and exits. So may we go from land to land and from city to city in order to find that which may add to all exterior forms of beauty in our North American cities, towns, villages and cross roads.

Winnipeg is a strong city and growing rapidly, but Winnipeg needs to be "beautified." There is enough storm swept and wind blown paper rags adorning our unimproved lots to feed all the goats that ever meandered over the Island of Manhattan before Astor built his hotel or Central Park was dreamed of.

What staggering fences adorned with bill posters in yellow, green and black! What an accumulation of tin cans, in shape and form, to fit fish, vegetable or fruit! What an endless array of bottles, fragrant with the memories of the drug store, distillery and ink well. What strange and eccentric specimens of architecture. What vast acreages of worn out white-wash and blistered paint. What an array of feeble huts and leaning shacks, tottering to the fall. What a succession of back yards, white with bleached bones, gray with ashes, and yellow with sawdust. Clean up Winnipeg? I should think so. Let us beautify the city.

Eleventh. The sovereign civilization of the North American continent will present many creeds but only one re-

ligion. Think of the evolution in the blending of the various phases of religious thought. Out of it all there must come forth a sane and universal type of religion, in which shall be inwrought the morality of the Synagogue, the dignity of the Anglican, the sanity of the Presbyterian, the sagacity of the Methodist, the loyalty of the Baptist, the universality of the Congregationalist, the idealism of the Christian Scientist and the conservatism of the Roman Catholic. What a blend! And in spite of all we can do, it will be a blend. As Edward Everett Hale once said: "The greatest word of the next one hundred years will be 'Together.'"

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## THE BULLETIN

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There are two events in the early part of the week to which I want to call your special attention:

(1) On Monday evening at the Christian Endeavor meeting we are to be favored by an address by Mr. E. W. Hamilton on "If there had been newspapers would Jesus have advertised?" This sounds particularly good, and as Mr. Hamilton's profession makes him an authority on advertising we shall doubtless have a very delightful and profitable time. You are all invited. I think this is the first time Mr. Hamilton has made his appearance on the platform at Central. See to it that you help to give him a real warm welcome.

(2) We were indebted to the Women's University Club for bringing to this city a short time ago so great a scholar as Dr. Moulton. We are indebted to this organization once more, and this time it is because under their auspices we are to have the pleasure of listening to Miss Helen Keller. Mark Twain said: "The two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller." She with her teacher, Miss Macy, will lecture on Tuesday evening in the church. This unique opportunity should not be missed.

On Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock the associate pastor will conduct a social service of unusual interest.

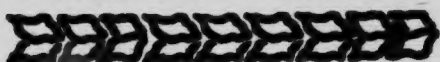
The Ladies' Aid invite ladies of the church and congregation to join them their sewing circle Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the ladies' parlor.

Kindly send into the office your change of address.

Bring that boy and girl of yours to Sunday school this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

ERNEST R. WEEKS,  
Associate Pastor.

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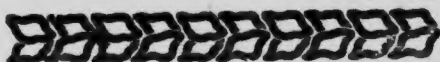
# All's Love Yet All's Law

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By JAMES L. GORDON, D.D., Pastor  
Central Congregational Church,  
Winnipeg

This book cannot do other than lead men to a better realization of the chief, the supreme good, and to help them find God. Dr. Gordon, the popular Winnipeg preacher, has prepared a book of fine quality. It is distinctive, epigrammatic, thoughtful, brilliant. Dr. Gordon does not confuse his readers with fine-spun theories. He gives facts, and illustrates them out of the sweet and solemn verities of human life. He strikes deeply and with unerring hand into the heart of things—things that count, that are worth while. Vital incentives, such as spur the soul to high action and daily faithfulness, find premier place in his appeals.

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